

Smalltime America Had Crazies

But closer to unitary:
the village screamer
or babbling prophet,

the deadly collector
of the useless. Wipe

to bright glass fortresses in
cities. Technicolor bubbles
elongate in reflections. Inside,

yapping acolytes dash past
rushing monitors. Back home,
a plucky John Q begs to be taken

onboard, laughs over the terrified
blind around him. On the Street,

at spewing, hissing parties, mock
widows and orphans groped in
pantomime. Ultimately, his

also-funny advisor unloads
into the panic for himself,

while counseling JQ to buy
the exact dross, who,
soon ruined, brags after

ashes settle onto
his madcap hair,
as to manly losses.